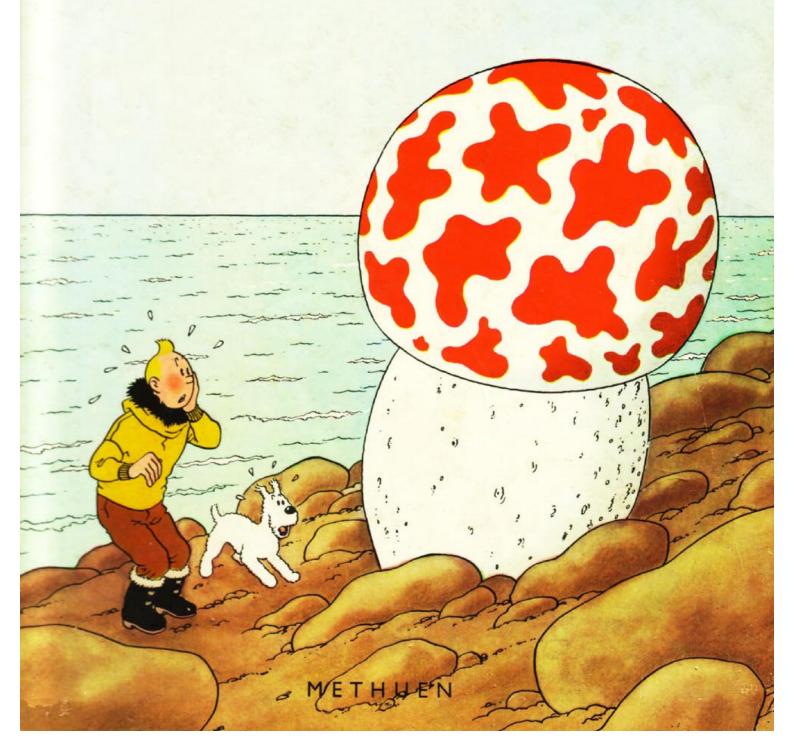
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THE ADVENTURES OF
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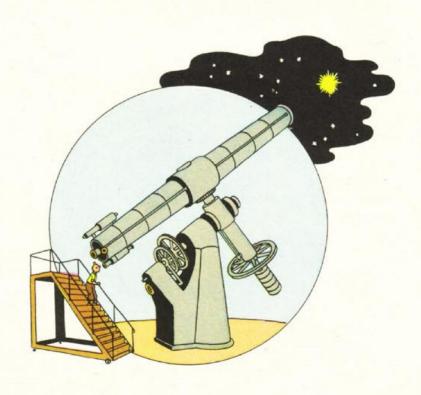
THE SHOOTING STAR



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR



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Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner
Selective remostering by Seth Rose

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THE SHOOTING STAR















Hello? Is that the observatory? Can you tell me... I've just noticed a very large, bright star in the Great Bear ... I wonder...



Hello?... What?... You have the phenomenon under observation? I see... And ... Hello?... Hello?... They've hung up!



Very odd! Why did they ring off so abruptly?... Crumbs, how hot it is! Phew!...







All very peculiar... and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Come on, Snowy... to the Observatory.









I'd like to have a word with the Director, please.





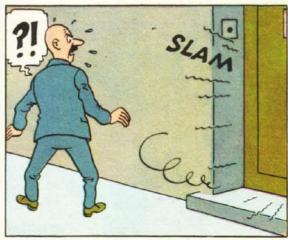




You again ?... I told you before, the Director's engaged.



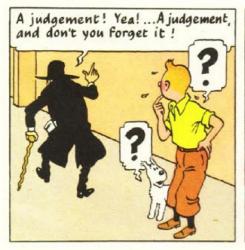








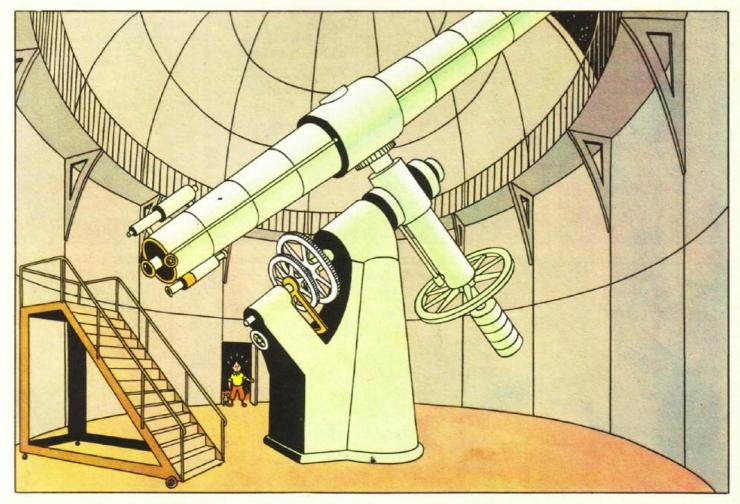














Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.



It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a sight worth seeing.











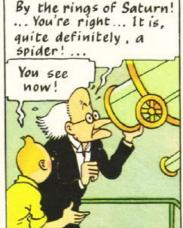


And its hairy legs!
... It makes me
shiver to think of
them!









How extraordinary!
Extraordinary!... It
has characteristics of
Meta segmentata... At
least... No! It's an
Araneus diadematus!
An enormous Araneus
diadematus!



Anyway, it's a spider!

Ugh! What a

monster!... And

it's travelling

through space...

Supposing it...??





Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone



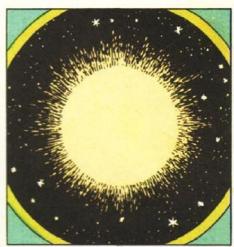
A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!





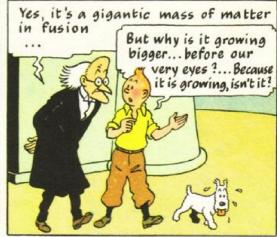














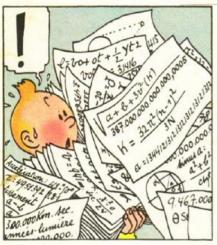
















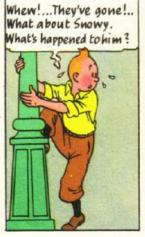






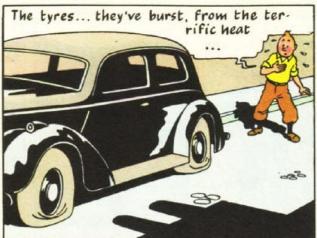














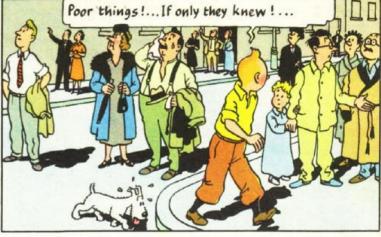




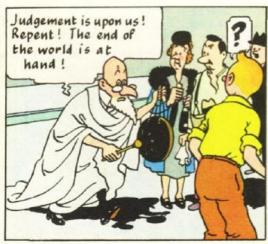


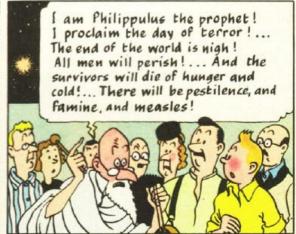






































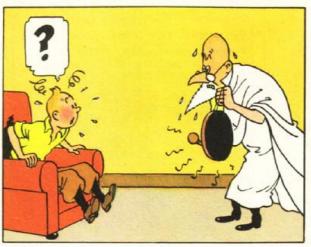


There!... Now I

























pip... pip ... At the third stroke it will be eight twelve and twenty seconds... Pip... pip... At the third stroke it will be eight twelve and thirty seconds... pip... Pi









I wonder how they'll explain this one at the Observatory!
... Hello?... Hello?
... Hello?... The telephone's not working
... Come on Snowy, we're going along there.







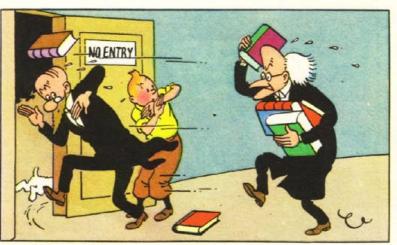




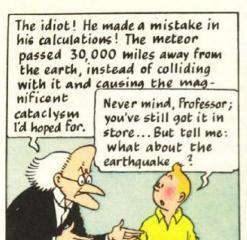




















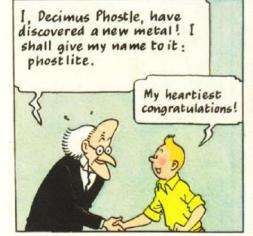




My friends, [have made a sensational discovery! [have just detected a new metal!... A metal hitherto entirely unknown!



You've heard of the spectroscope. It's the instrument that enables us to discover elements in stars, elements not yet isolated here on the earth. This is a spectroscopic photograph of the meteor which brushed past us today. Each of these lines, or each group of lines is characteristic of a metal. Those lines in the centre represent an unknown metal, which exists in the rumere or less



But Professor, to get back to the meteor... it didn't collide with the earth, so why was there an earthquake?



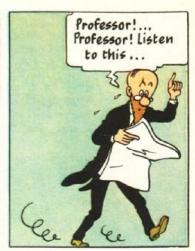






You were asking about the earthquake?...Oh, yes...
It was caused by part of the meteor crashing to earth.
As soon as we know where it fell, there we shall find phostlite!





"The polar station on Cape Morris (on the northern coast of Greenland) reports that a meteorite has undoubtedly fallen in the Arctic Ocean. Sealhunters saw a ball of fire cross the sky and disappear over the horizon. A few seconds later the earth shook violently and icebergs cracked ..."



It has fallen into the sea!... It has been engulfed by the waves!
And with it, my discovery! Proof of the existence of phostlite.





Poor Professor Phostle. He's terribly upset because his meteorite's fallen into the sea.













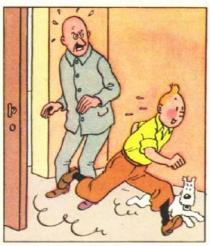


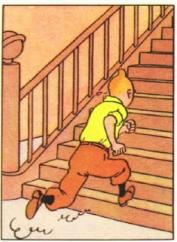








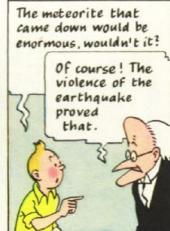














We must make a search and find the meteorite. We must organize an expedition. I'm sure we shall be able to obtain the capital we need from the European foundation for Scientific Research.

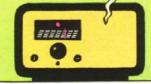


We must get down to organizing the expedition at once. Will you help me?

I'd be glad to.

Some time later ...

A scientific expedition including leading European experts is leaving shortly on a voyage of discovery in Arctic waters. Its objective is to find the meteorite which recently fell in the Arctic region. It is believed that a part of the meteorite may be protruding above the surface of the water and the ice...

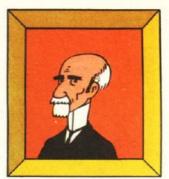




The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



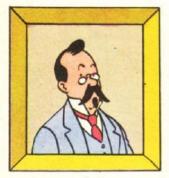
... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgenskjöld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



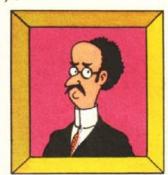
... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul I Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



... Senhor Pedro Joãs Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;



... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;

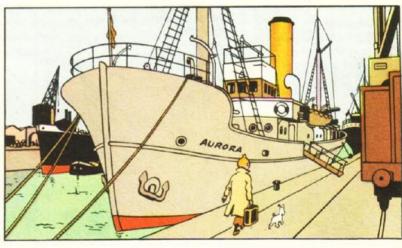


...and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Sober Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the Vessel in which the expedition will embark.



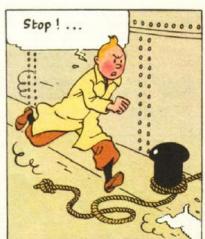
We'll go aboard for our last night before setting off For Arctic waters.

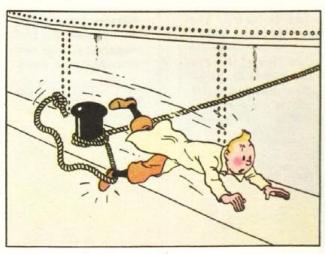


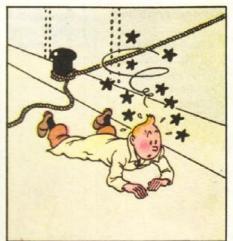




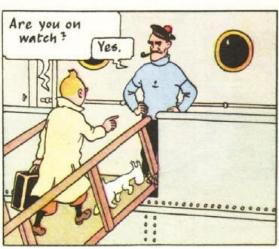




















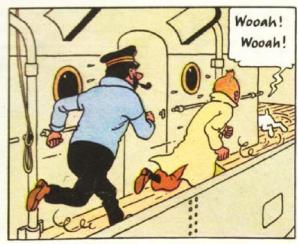


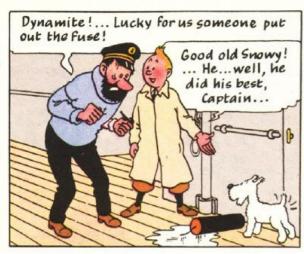










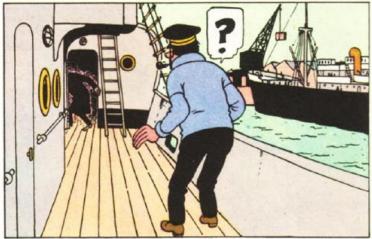




Anyway, we must be on our guard. I suggest you go the rounds.









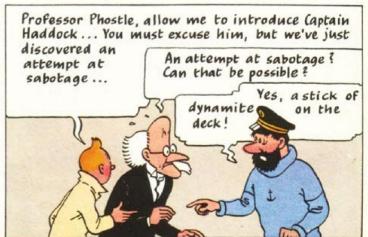








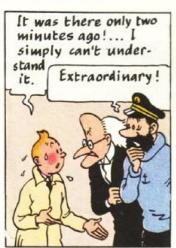














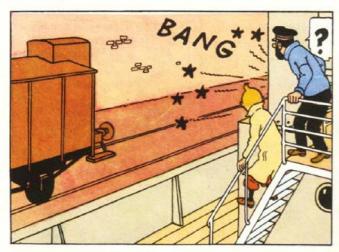


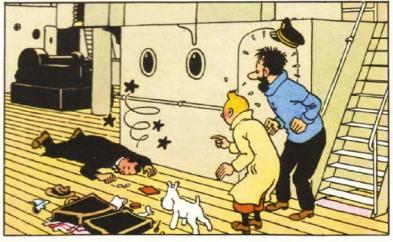












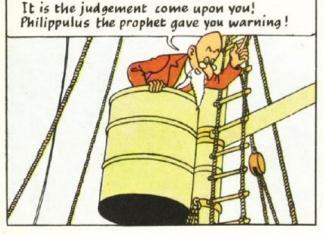










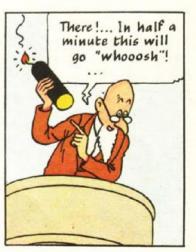






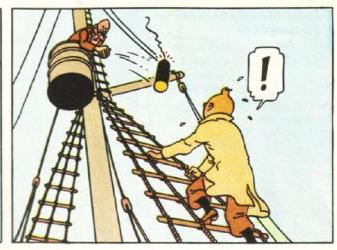




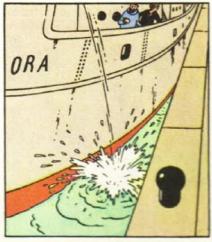




You! I recognise you!
You're the servant of
Satan! Keep your distance,
fiend!









Whew! That was a



Great snakes!

You speak not in the name of heaven...but of hell! You will never cast me down!







Yes! Go down!
Return to the shades
of hell, whence you
should never have
strayed!



Please, my dear Philippulus! It is I, Phostle, Director of the Observatory. Don't you remember?... We worked together. Come down, I beg of you!



You are not Phostle! You have assumed his shape, but you are a fiend!... You are not Phostle!



But I'm Captain Haddock, by thunder...in command of this ship! And I order you to come down, blistering barnacles, and double quick!









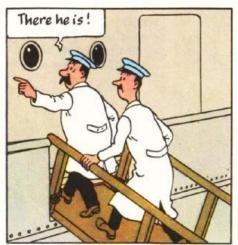




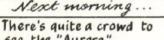


Yes, sir. At once, sir. Don't be angry, sir...









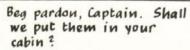


And so, listeners, the moment of departure approaches. In a few minutes the "Aurora" will sail away, heading northwards, bound for Arctic waters. A little farewell ceremony is now taking place. The committee of the Society of Sober Sailors have just presented a truly magnificent bouquet of flowers to Captain Haddock their Honorary



President. Never forget, the eyes of the whole world and the S.S.S. will be upon you. Good luck!









... and here's the fresident of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, frofessor Phostle, handing over the flag to be planted on the meteorite.











Read this, Professor. My radio operator has just picked up this signal... He intercepted it quite by accident, while he was testing his equipment...



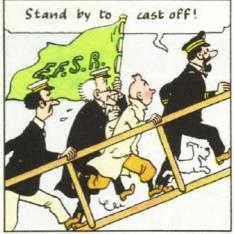
São Rico. The polar ship "Peary" sailed from São Rico yesterday evening on a voyage of exploration in Arctic waters. The "Peary" will try to find the meteorite which fell in that area and which, according to experts, contains an unknown metal...

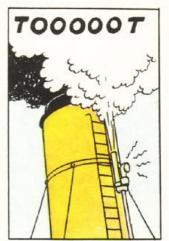






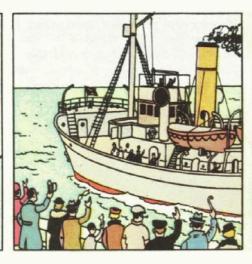






The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed ... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...





You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "feary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't

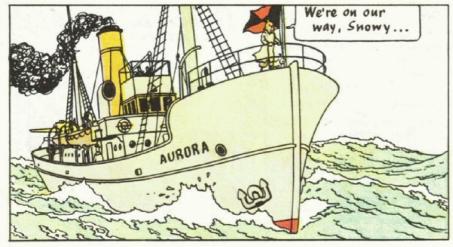


Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

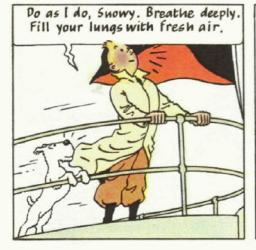


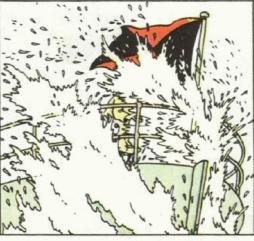
You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to



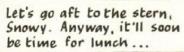


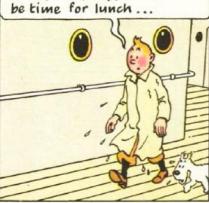


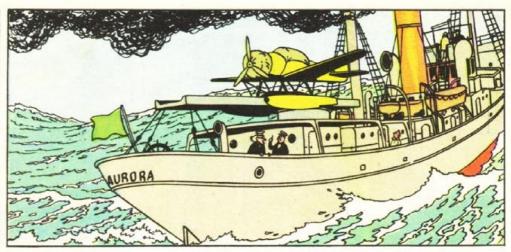


















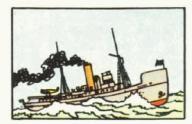




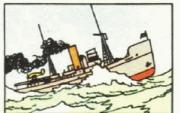




















































Whew!... I...
honestly, I
thought I'd
been swept overboard. But Snowy?
...Where's Snowy?









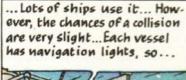






















The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.



What do you mean? I mean, Captain,
that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"...
the night before we sailed .The accident we just avoided looks remark—ably like another attempt



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?



S.S. Kentucky Star.
Obeying orders received, attempted
to sink Aurora.
Operation miscarried. Awaiting
instructions.



They've failed! The bungling fools! Now we're back where we started!...But I'll get them yet!





Would you mind if I opened the window a little bit? Some fresh air would do us good.

















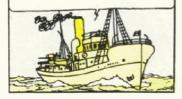








M.S. Aurora to President, E.F.S.R. In sight of Iceland. Putting into port at Akureyri, in Eyjafjördur, for refuelling. All well on board.



Here, Mr. Bohlwinkel: it's a message sent by the "Aurora" to the European Foundation for Scientific Research. Our wireless operator just intercepted it.

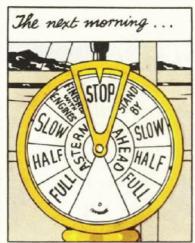


Aha!... They're putting in at an Icelandic port! Excellent! Excellent! I think, my dear Johnson, that their stay will be a long one... Let us begin by sending a short note. Take this down, Johnson...



Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.







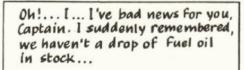
Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



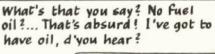




Polar research ship Aurora."
Captain Haddock.
Oh?..., You're the Captain of... of the Aurora"?











































No fuel?... But they've got plenty at Golden Oil. I was there just now. They're filling up my trawler "Sirius" tomorrow morning.

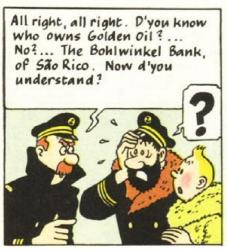
What? Someone's been having me on!

Ten thousand thundering typhoons! I'll teach those pirates to play fast and loose with captain dock!

























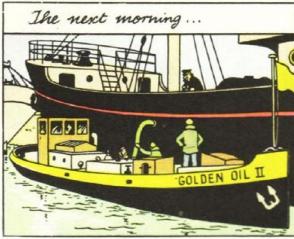


Aaaaaaaaah!...
The tonic in these parts
does you a power of
good!





















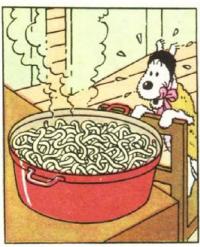




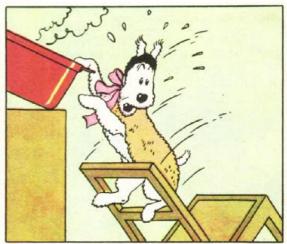
So, we're on our way again. Now for some lunch.



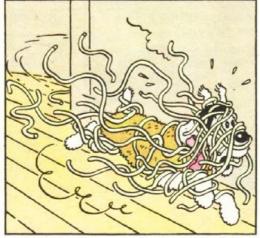
























Billions of blue blistering barnacles!...Dratted animal!... Wait till I catch the little pirate!





This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?

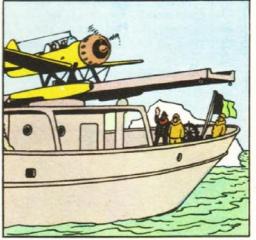


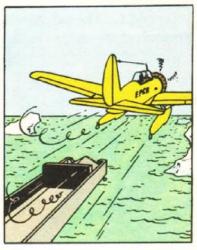
Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.



And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.

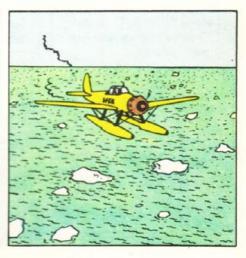
















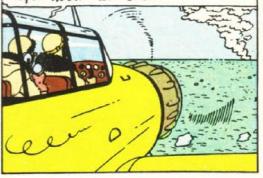




Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?



Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.





This is Professor Phostle.
Tell me, does the column of vapour seem to be coming from a definite point?...
You say there are no other clouds in sight? The sky is







Forgive me. I forgot! Yes, Captain, it's the meteorite causing the column of vapour. The heat emitted from it has already melted the ice. Gradually the water surrounding it is warming up.



Thus water-vapour is created, and this is rising up to form the clouds which they have seen.



Hello? Hello?...
You have
found the
meteorite!...
Hooray!...Hello?
...Are you receiving me?









Hello?...Ah, you can hear me...Turn round and come back...The vapour is caused by the meteorite...yes... Come back, you've completed your mission.







Hello?...Yes?...What did you say? Smoke?... Smoke from a ship?... Where?... In which direction?...

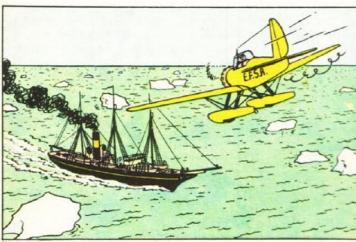




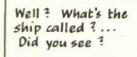
Hello?...Yes...They're steering towards the column of vapour? Thundering typhoons!... It's the "Peary", isn't



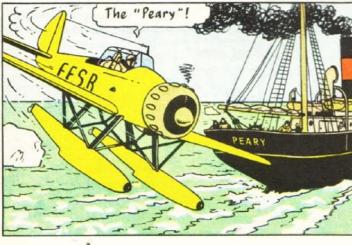


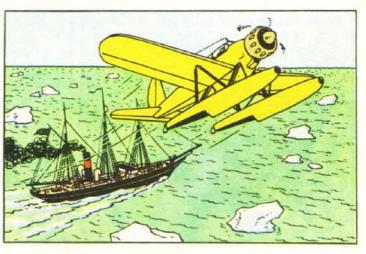






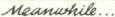








coming back - fast!



R.S. Peary, 12°23′ W., 76° 40′ N., to Bohlwinkel, São Rico. Have been spotted by E.F.S.R. aircraft. Presume Aurora in vicinity. We are putting on steam.







They're preparing to land ... It'll be a miracle if they don't smash themselves up on an iceberg!



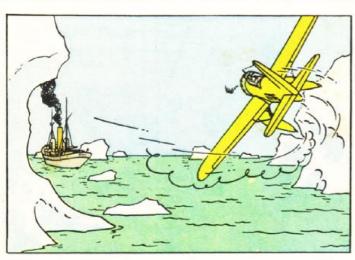
Well, Snowy old boy, if we get out of this in one piece we'll be lucky!

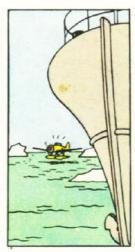


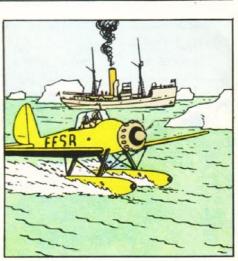
Thundering typhoons! ...They scraped against that one...and that one too!...Whew! they just missed it!























Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 4 miles each hour. They're 150 miles ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"



Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"!...
This is no moment to throw up the spongs, just when victory is in sight.



Impossible!... [t's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...



All right ... er... [say, (aptain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. [think I need a little



You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?





On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle



Give up the struggle?... Never!... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons!... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do!... The 1-1-lily-livered



Come on! We shall see what we shall see! ...
Show a leg! On deck with you!

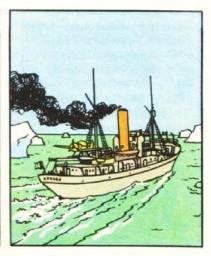


Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it!... Full speed ahead! The enemy

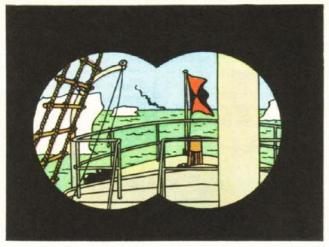


Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for ice bergs!











We're steaming faster





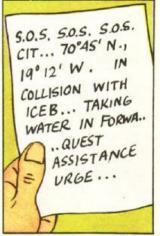


Read it!... This is the last straw!

Ask our scientists to come to the saloon. Tell them I have important news...





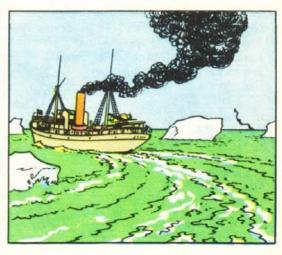


There it is, gentlemen. Either we can go to the aid of this ship, and abandon all hope of reaching the meteorite before the "Peary", or else we can continue on our course, and not answer this call... It's up to you to decide.



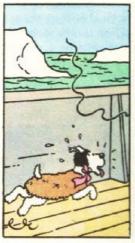
There's no question about it, Captain. Human lives are in danger. We must go to their aid, even if it does cost us our prize...

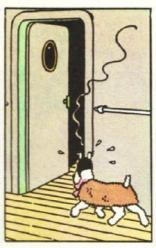




Come on. We must reply, and let them know we're coming to their assistance...



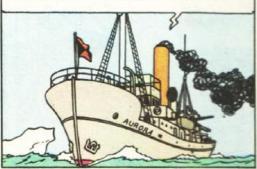








Polar research ship Aurora to Cit...
in distress. Your message received.
We are steaming towards you.
Keep in touch with us. Good luck!





I suppose their radio has packed up for good...



Unless they have... gone down? Is that what you mean to say?



Captain, will you let me send out a message myself?





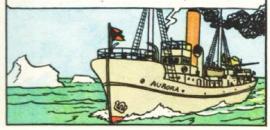
Is that the text of what you want to send? It's absurd! What does the ship's name matter to us? ... Anyway, you'll spend all night waiting for replies.



You do as you like, but I think it's absolutely crazy. I'm going to turn in Good night!

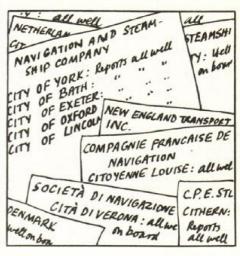


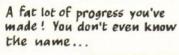
Polar research ship Aurora to all shipping companies. Please will all companies owning ships with name commencing "CIT" please advise us immediately of full names of these ships. Also inform us if one is in distress, position 70°45' N 19°12' W.















John Kingsby
Navigation Company to Polar research ship Aurora.
5.5. Cithara in distress
70°45′ N., 19°12′ W.



What are you looking for now? Her tonnage? Or her Captain's age?... Tell me, what more do you want to know?



Just one last detail, Captain.
I think It will interest you.
The "Cithara"does NOT exist!





A fake S.O.S.!... A fake S.O.S.!... Could the "Peary" have sent out the call to delay us?...No! No sailor would ever do that.





Here. Send out the following message: Polar research ship Aurora to bogus John Kingsby Company ... er... Deeply shocked by subterfuge ... no... that's not strong enough ... er... Gangsters! Twisters! Traitors! ... Woodlice! ... Turn ... coats!... Shipwreckers! ... Mountebanks! Moujiks! Signed: Haddock.



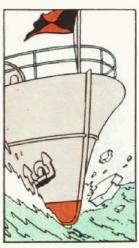
























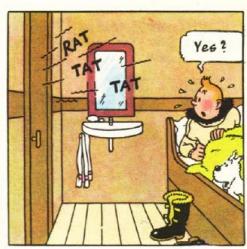
Whoever invented a



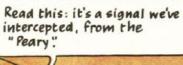










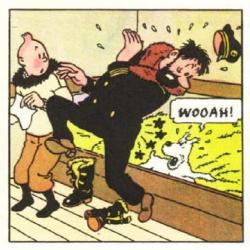




R.S. Peary to Bohlwinkel, São Rico. Success. Meteorite in sight.





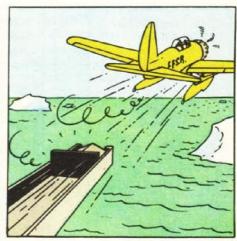
































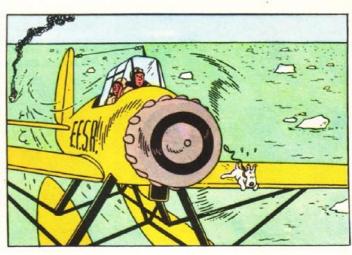




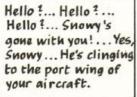










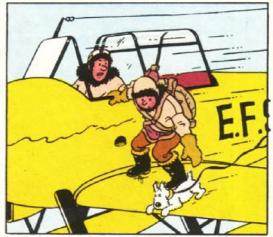






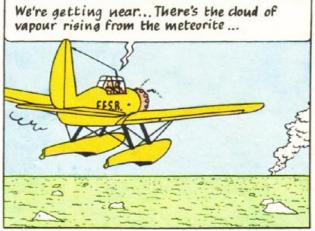






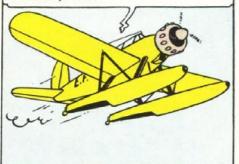




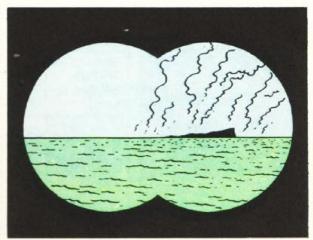




There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.







Hello...Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!

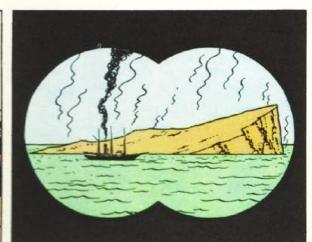


Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite!... Hooray! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes!...The "Peary" has beaten us to it!





The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?

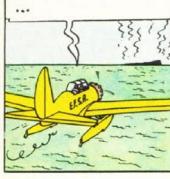




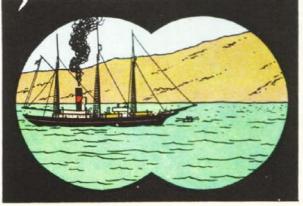
Hooray! Then there's still hope!



Perhaps. I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if ... as if



Yes... they're just lowering a boat...





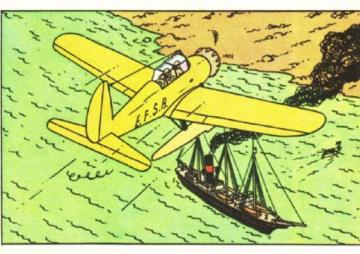
This is it! The meteorite is ours!





Bah! By the time they've come down on the sea and launched their rubber dinghy, our men will be ashore on the meteorite.





Anyway, it doesn't look as though they intend to land. They're simply flying over the meteorite...













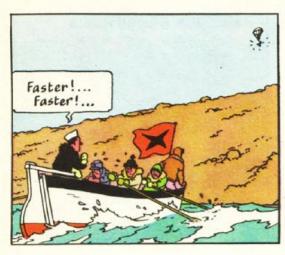








































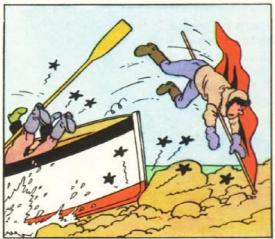


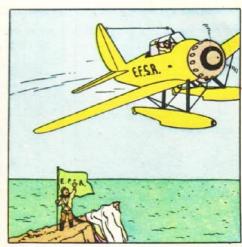




































The "Aurora" has developed engine trouble and has had to reduce speed. She won't be here for three days. We can't wait: we have no supplies. So we must get back and rejoin her. Anyway, our mission is accomplished. Are you coming?



It's impossible. Someone must stay here to guard the island: that's only sense. So, what's to be done?





Right... I've got my emergency rations: a few biscuits, an apple and a flask of fresh water. ['Il leave them with you.





























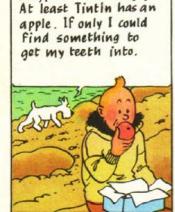












Golly! I'm still hungry!







Our parachute will come in handy again. We can use it for a mattress and as a blanket.



Lucky for us the air is quite warm. It's extraordinary, when we're so near

























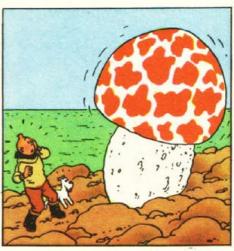






































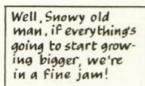














But...but...the spider!... The spider that escaped out of the box, last night

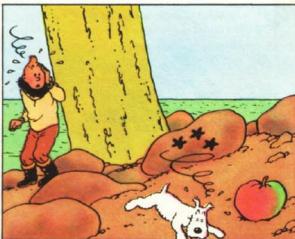


If it's still alive it should be near the apple tree: that's where I was sitting yesterday.

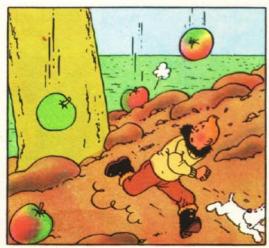




















































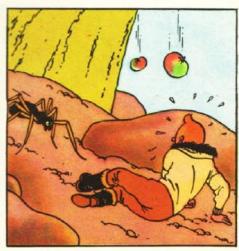










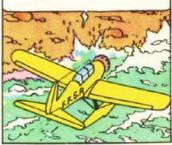








Hello? Hello?...The meteorite has just been shaken by an earthquake. The whole thing has tilted over, and is sinking slowly into the sea.



What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where is he?

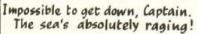
We're losing the meteorite?





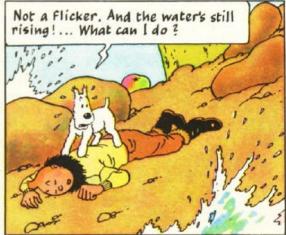
Try to land!... Tintin must be saved!















It's no good!... But he simply must come round!























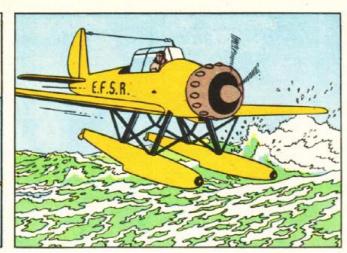








Here goes! It's neck or nothing!
I simply must save him!





I can't see him any more. I hope to heaven he hasn't crashed...



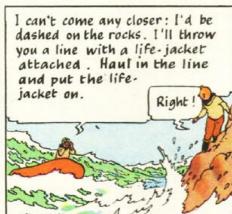




Hooray! He's succeeded in launching the rubber dinghy.













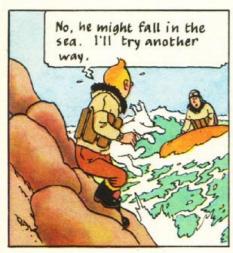












































































Here you are, I've brought you a lump













Some weeks later ...

The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves—probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment... ... when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.



It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.

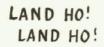






What's up, Captain?... Is







Thundering typhoons! Land...and about time, too!







